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THE MONSTER. A SATYR.

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6d.

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OR,

The World turn'd Topſy Turvy.

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Within this Book the Monſter's *to be ſeen,*
The Price Six Pence apiece, -------
---------- *God ſave the* QUEEN.

LONDON,

Printed; And Sold by *B. Bragg* in *Avemary-Lane.* 1705. (Price 6 *d.*)

4. 11. Januar.

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SEarch all the bright Creation, you won't find
So great, ſo rude a Monſter as Mankind.
Debauch'd by Cuſtom, and o'er-grown by Time,
Like Savage Beaſts, they range thro' ev'ry Clime:
All things to them, their native Homage pay;
But Men on Men, like hungry Tygers, prey,
And ſcorn their Sov'reign Maker to obey.

So the Arch-Rebel, *Lucifer*, of Old,
Heaven's bleſs'd Confines for Hell's Enlargement ſold.

In Rule and Empire he his Pleaſure ſought,
But the imagin'd Joy too dearly bought;
Fancy'd 'twas Heaven only to be free,
And God-like Great to roar at Liberty;
O'er Earth and Seas with Kingly Pow'r to reign,
And ravage all the vaſt Ætherial Plain.
This pleas'd the *Monſter*; this increas'd his Luſt,
And made Hell reliſh with a greater Guſt.
This pleas'd his greedy, foul, inſatiate Mind,
That he, like Heaven, could Lord it o'er Mankind.
But ſee at laſt this fam'd, this boaſted Liberty
End in vile Chains of everlaſting Slavery.

Cou'd Man, that Prodigy of Earth, be brought
To Reaſon, or by Rule, right Reaſon taught;
No abſtruſe Secret wou'd it be to know,
What 'tis we ought, or what we ought not do,
Without Advice from *Tutchin* or *De Foe*.
Both Monſters are in Kind, but not Degree,
And both alike are void of Modeſty:

Both on their Country's vital Honours prey;
Yet each to Ruin take a different Way.
This mov'd by Villany, and that by Pride,
Draw thouſands of the giddy Mob aſide;
Then on their ſervile Necks in Triumph ride.
Like *Scorpio* this, that like a *Hydra* ſtands,
Lop off his Head, he has a thouſand Hands:
Squadrons of pointed Tongues, brandiſh'd in Air,
Do round *Auguſta*'s Walls in Bands appear:
So fell theſe Monſters are, ſo direful fierce,
This kills in Proſe, while that deſtroys in Verſe.
But yet alaſs we have ſome thouſands more,
That are as Monſt'rous on another Score.
Fleet-ſtreet alone does not all Monſters ſhow,
They're rife at Court, and in the Pulpit too.
I've ſeen a huge Church-Monſter, monſt'rous proud,
With Hell and Furies fright the giddy Crowd,
Tho' his Harangue was empty, as 'twas loud.
The vileſt Kind at *Oxford* may be ſeen,
Black meagre Monſters, eat up with the Spleen;

So

So *South* his Brother *Sacheverel* wou'd devour,
If his ill Nature was but back'd with Pow'r.
Sacheverel is a Champion for *High-Church*,
But if he fights 'gainſt Sov'reign Pow'r like *Birch*,
Like him, his Prieſthip may be left i'th' Lurch.
His paſſive Doctrine won't aſcend the Throne,
Or pull his hated *Moderation* down;
For furious Zeal too oft has ſhoke the Crown.
So *Lo-ſl-y* adds freſh Fuel to the Fire,
And burns with Rage, the Flame won't mount up higher:
Fiery Materials he from far has brought,
Deſtructive Darts in *Roman* Forges wrought.
Theſe are diſpers'd around from Hand to Hand,
Like baneful Weeds, to Poiſon all the Land.
Caſſandra his foul black Deſigns can tell,
Dark as they are, deep as the nether Hell:
From whence their pois'nous Influence they bring,
Deſtructive to the Kingdom, and the Queen.
I've ſeen a Monſter Councellor of State,
And twenty Monſters on the great One wait;

I've

I've ſeen a Monſter Metamorphos'd; *How?*
You'll ſay, perhaps, but he's no Monſter now.
B-----ly ſucceeds, and better fills the Place,
To's Country's Shame, and to his own Diſgrace;
For *Tacks* and *Bills conſolidating* fam'd,
And other things, too monſt'rous to be nam'd.
No Rival, no Competitor has he,
But *Pack-ington* in new State Policy.
Oxford may boaſt as much in her learn'd Sons,
As *Cambridge* in her Quibbles, Jeſts, and Puns;
For neither have been able yet to know,
What 'tis their Patriot Champions wou'd do,
Unleſs they're making Laws *for they know who.*

The upper Houſe has Monſters in great ſtore,
Who for the Church or Common-Wealth can roar:
But ſome for Places, Penſions, 'cauſe they're Poor,
Tho' many bawl upon another Score.
F----- is a Monſter that has two large Heads,
And Spawns as faſt as a wild Rabbet Breeds.

Subtle, Tenacious, Wiſe, and Bold; beſides,
He is defended Back and Breaſt with *Hides*;
But what is ſtrange to tell, tho' not ſo rare,
Arch-Monſters look moſt Sanctify'd here,
And like dull, grave *Arch-Biſhops*, do appear.
But under the long Robe we eaſily ſee
The Devil's cloven-footed Villany.
For he's an Aſs, that cannot ſoon diſcern
The Devil from a Saint, a Monſter from a Man.

What ſwarms of Monſters crowd the Lawyers Bar,
Who of huge Size, and large Dimenſions are,
That wou'd devour a Nation you wou'd Swear.
They gape and yawn, and roar aloud for Fees,
As on the *Beeches* foam the angry Seas:
So *Jennings* does with Noiſe perplex the Laws,
And plagues the Court, but never pleads the Cauſe.
Yet for his Nonſenſe, is as largely paid
As if he did, and underſtood the Trade,
Or cou'd, like *Cowper*, with ſoft Rhetorick plead.

But

But Cauſes are not try'd as won't of Old,
When Juſtice was not to be Bought and Sold,
As Oaths and Perjuries are now for Gold:
For Honeſty and Law was valu'd more,
Than Bawling, as 'twas us'd by *Sloan* and *Sh-re*.

Monſters in Phyſick are in ev'ry Town,
But here they are ſo thick and num'rous grown,
They've quite Ecclips'd that monſt'rous Fool, *Huſloan*.

The wealthy Merchant, who explores for Gain,
Far diſtant Lands, and the more dang'rous Main;
Who from rich *Affrick* Monſters us'd to bring,
Now ſees his own dear Country here produce,
Monſters who've made themſelves unfit for Uſe;
Who thro' the Streets, like rav'nous *Harpies*, *range*,
And ſtalk with Heads uplifted to the *Change*.
Shaking their Horns, like ſome o'er fatten'd Deer,
As rais'd above their Fellows, they appear.
Fleec'd with the Gain from *India* they command,
Upon the Ruin of their Native Land:

While

While they encreaſe their Wealth and ill-got Store,
Their Country pines, and muſt at laſt grow poor:
Thouſands muſt periſh to maintain their Pride,
As Oceans flow in to ſupport a Tide.

Theſe are *Men-eating* Monſters, who devour
A hundred little Fry of Fools each Hour.
'Tis ſeldom that they Eat, and never Dine
But ſwill their Guts with Human Gore for Wine,
Then Home they roll their Carcaſes like Swine.
But Country Bubbles think it a great pity
There are no Monſters ſeen but in the City:
Alaſs, how they're deceiv'd! for when in Town,
They ſee no Monſter like a Country Clown.
Survey the Villages, and ſearch the Fields,
Look all around, whate'er the Country yields,
And ſhew me ought but Monſters if you can?
For they're all Brutes by Nature left, ------
There's no ſuch thing among them as a Man:
No Human Creatures now inhabit there,
But Beaſts that live both void of Senſe and Care,

That

That both deny and ſcorn right Reaſon's Rules,
As fit for nought, but Children or for Fools.
Humanity's long ſince kick'd out o'th' Door,
And Honeſty dwells only 'mongſt the Poor,
Becauſe the Rich won't let 'em run o'th' *Score*.

The firſt Rate Monſter 'mongſt this brutiſh Herd,
That's ſeldom lov'd, but very often fear'd,
Is he to whom the Beaſts their Worſhip pay,
And oft'ner bow to, than their God obey.
Some ſenſeleſs, ſtupid, dull, inſipid Aſs,
Who by his Braying, more diſturbs, than keeps the Peace;
And to diſtribute Juſtice, is as fit,
As Aſſes are to judge of Senſe or Wit.
This is the Monarch-Monſter of his Kind,
Who proud as Hell's Chief Juſtice you will find,
And to as much Compaſſion is inclin'd.
Bribes make his Worſhip plead for Liberty,
Capons, and *Geeſe*, and *Turkeys*, are a Fee,
At any time will ſet the Priſ'ner free.

What ſilly Rogues are thoſe who hazard Necks,
When Lives are bought and ſold in *Middleſex*.
No Nation e'er made Life ſo cheap as we,
For only poor Men Die, that cannot Fee.
The juſt *S*-----*l* can't exactly tell
The Numbers he, for Want, has ſent to Hell.
For it's thought he ne'er deſign'd 'em to go there,
Becauſe he left them nought to pay their Fare.
Worſe Monſters ſtill than theſe the Country breeds,
That ſpread the fertile Land with pois'nous Weeds.
Pimps, *Panders*, *Pettifoggers* to the Laws,
Men that are Bawds to ev'ry Villain's Cauſe.
That proſtitute themſelves to ev'ry Vice,
Thro' hateful Pride, or ſordid Avarice.
Theſe ſwarm like *Waſps* and *Hornets*, in a Band,
And Eat up all the Honey of the Land.
Induſtrious *Bees* labour in vain to live,
While they ſupport ſuch Drones within the Hive.
Who firſt devour whate'er their Plenty yields,
Then plunder all the Product of the Fields.

Famine

Famine and War to theſe are gentle Things,
This Death alone, and that Deſtruction brings.
But theſe curs'd Monſters, to regale their Luſt,
To nought but living Mis'ry, have a Guſt:
Taſteleſs of Pity, of Compaſſion void;
Weep not like *Crocodiles*, but laugh when they're (deſtroy'd.

Wou'd you have Miſchief to Perfection brought,
You'll find it pregnant in a *Kerſey* Coat.
A home-ſpun *Suit* hides many a Villain's Heart;
In that plain *Garb* he beſt can play his Part,
And cover all the ſecret black Deſigns,
By which the Courtier's Art he countermines:
Elſe *M-lſgr-ve* ne'er cou'd have conceal'd his Pride,
And all his crafty dark Intrigues beſide,
With which his *Machiavillain* Soul was Dy'd.
How a rough Diamond does deceive the Eye;
We can no Luſtre on the out-ſide ſpy.
The Secret lies within, for the out-part,
Of poliſhing that, is the Workman's Art.

So

So *Seymour* now wou'd for a Patriot paſs,
With *Engliſh* Honeſty writ in his Face;
But if you cou'd uncover the Scarf Skin,
You'd ſee the vileſt Monſter-Pride within;
You'd ſee, couch'd like an Aſs, under Pretence
Of native Vertue, ſimple Innocence,
A Rav'nous *Wolf* ſet for the Sheeps Defence.
Mackworth with formal Speeches may deceive,
And that he's a *Church* Champion-make the World believe;
But for a *Britiſh* Lyon ne'er will paſs,
His Ears will ſtill diſcover him an Aſs.
No cloſe deſigning Actions can ſhine more,
Than his, amidſt his *Cambrian* Silver Oar.
How many Heads and Hands this Monſter has,
Is only ſeen in the State Looking-glaſs,
Where you occaſionally, might ſee 'em paſs,
One hundred thirty four their Number was.
All Monſters of *Gygantick* Shape and Size,
With Hands, *Briareus* like, and *Argius* Eyes.

Stern

Stern were their Looks, more furious when they ſpoke,
As they'd deſtroy a Nation at a Stroke.
One ſpacious Room this numerous Herd contains,
With monſt'rous Heads, but of ſmall ſize their Brains.
Moſt terrible their Aſpects are, to ſee
Within the Pale of their own *Property*:
They roar like *Roman Bulls*, and are as bold,
And yet as gentle too, if fed with Gold.
But then they are ſo ſharp, Eat ſuch a Deal,
To cram their Guts, wou'd ſtarve a Common-Weal.

But we have many Monſters yet in ſtore,
All are not fat ones, ſome are monſt'rous poor:
For Roguery will hang at ev'ry Door.

The Country *Graſier*, *Farmer*, and the *Hind*,
Are all as monſt'rous Villains in their Kind:
The *Graſier* knows not how *Bank-ſtock* to buy;
But in's own way as well can *Forge* and *Lie*,
The *Farmer* cheats not like the *Merchant* on the *Change*,
But will deceive you in your Country *Grange*:

He that once truſts him, will be ſurely bit,
For tho' his own's but ſmall, he'll teach you Wit.
Doubtleſs the *Hind* is Honeſt, you wou'd ſwear,
Yet he will Theive and Steal for Bread and Beer;
Sleep in a Barn, or Loitre all Day long;
But for his Maſter's Cauſe ſwear, *Right* or *Wrong:*
He thinks not much on Miſchief in his Head,
Or do Deſigns diſturb his Reſt in Bed:
But like the fierceſt Brute, will practice Ill,
And then pretend 'twas done againſt his Will.
No barb'rous Monſter has more Guilt than he,
And none deceive with ſuch Simplicity.

But to the Town, let us return again,
Where Monſters are as plentiful as Men:
Where Fops in monſt'rous Wigs, like *Hedg-Hogs* ſtrut,
You can diſcover nothing but the Snout,
Beſmer'd fantaſtickly with *Spaniſh* Smut.
And thus with Powder daw'b from Top to Toe,
You'll ſee that monſt'rous thing now call'd a *Beau*,

Fat

Fat and well-liking the cramb'd Chick appears,
But a freſh Blaſt of Air to nothing tears.
This tott'ring Fabrick, this meer Man-Machine,
That is as empty as a Drum within;
An airy Form, a Skeleton of Glaſs,
Or Speaking-Trump, thro' which the Voice doth paſs,
At beſt, a poor, inſipid, uſeleſs Tool,
The Womens Cully, and the Surgeons Fool.
Train'd up in Vice, and nurs'd with Diet-Drink,
He ſucks in Wit, before he learns to think;
And ſure he may pretend a Wit to be,
When he's been thrice ſublim'd with *Mercury*.
This is a Monſter of uncommon Growth,
Nice in the Raiſing, yet of little Worth:
Born for no other Uſe, nor aims at any End,
Or to his Country or himſelf's a Friend,
But as the *Porpoiſe* uſeleſs ſwims the Deep,
So he on Land does nought but Eat, and Drink, and Sleep.

Beſides theſe Fops, other ſtrange Monſters are,
In Bobs, and Bands, and filthy cur-tail'd Hair;

Fright-

Frightful their Forms, their Faces ſo preciſe,
They never laugh, they're Animals too Wiſe;
But gape and yawn, and always grin and ſleer,
Like a cloak'd Monkey in an Elbow Chair,
And then they ſtretch their Mouths from Ear to Ear.
Of all the Shews 'twixt th' City and the Court,
Theſe Monſters make the moſt diverting Sport:
They never Drink, yet ſeldom but they're Drunk,
And rarely *Whore*, but always keep a Punk.
To Laws averſe, they cry up Liberty,
Becauſe they wou'd have Woman-kind be free:
They live not like *Camelions* on the Air,
But Beef and Bacon, and the fatteſt Chear.

More Monſters ſtill in ev'ry Crow'd we meet,
That ſtroul like Herds of Brutes a long the Street:
So in full-bottom'd Wigs ſtiff *M----rs* paſs,
Who look as formal as *Jo. Haynes*'s Aſs:
Stately they ſtep, and ſhake their white Yard Wand,
As if my Lord Mayor's Horſe was at Command.

They'll

They'll Game, and Drink, and Whore with any Lord,
Turn Bankrupts ſtrait, and then clap on a Sword:
Theſe are ſo common, and ſo monſt'rous grown,
They're ſeen at ev'ry Coffee-Houſe in Town,
Struting like Beggars rev'ling in a Barn,
When they have rob'd ſome Neighbour of his Corn.
So you may meet with *Goldſmiths*, *Lacemen*, *Drapers*,
Scouring the Roads with Piſtols, and with Rapers.

Next you may ſee *Barbers* and *Taylors*, rather
Than Work, ſtruting in Cap and Feather;
With Pike and Muſket, Sword and *Bandeliers*,
As in *Tar Doublets*, march your *Wappineers*.
Strange Monſters they appear, ſome in the Faces,
In bandy Legs, crook'd Backs, and awkward Graces,
In hobling, wadling, unbecoming Paces.
Theſe huff and puff, look big as any Cit,
For they may boaſt of Courage, tho' not Wit.
That, their *Indentures* bind 'em to avoid,
For Trade and Wit were never yet ally'd:

Tho' ſome perhaps wou'd undertake to ſhew it,
That once a broken *Hoſier* made a Poet:
I'll grant it may be, for the Woollen Trade,
Doctors, as well as Poets too, have made:
Elſe how came *W——d* Metamorphos'd ſo,
Firſt from a Woollen-Draper to a Beau,
Then to a *Doctor*, *Vertuoſo*?

But theſe are Monſters of another Kind,
Quite different from any elſe we find:
So light and ſubtil, and ſo thin they are,
They feed on nought, but what is wond'rous rare,
As nice and fine as Elemental Air.
They ſee when dark the beſt, like *Owls* and *Cats*,
And always are, like them, at hunt for Mice and Rats:
Yet they as uſeleſs are as Lap-dogs grown,
And ought to be Whipt out of ev'ry Town:
'Tis their Deſert, but a much greater Pity,
Such Monſters ſhou'd be harbour'd in the City;

But they are grown ſo full in ev'ry Hall,
They dare out none, leſt they ſhou'd turn out all.

The EPILOGUE.

THE Shew of Monſter's done, to you, my Friends,
The monſt'rous Poet, this his Welcome ſends,
And ſo the Poet, and the Poem Ends.

FINIS.

Advertiſement.

Stockings out at Heels: Or, A full Anſwer to Twenty Seven Queries Propoſed by a Diſlocated *Hoſier*, upon the Bill againſt *Occaſional Conformity*. Sold by *Benj. Bragg*, in *Avemary-Lane*. Price 6 *d.*

BR. MUS.

THE EPILOGUE.

FINIS.